who are not at all rare, unfortunately, to say ill-natured things. Charles Reade worshipped Laura Seymour, and she understood him and sympathised with his work and his whims. She died before he did, and he never got over it. The great success of one of his last plays, " Drink," an adaptation from the French, in which Charles Warner is still thrilling audiences to this day, meant nothing to him because she was not alive to share it. The " In Memoriam " which he had inscribed over her grave is characteristic of the man, the woman, and their friendship :

HERE **LIES** THE GREAT HEART OF
LAURA SEYMOUR

I liked Mrs. Seymour so much that I was hurt when I found that she had instructed Charles Reade to tell Nelly Terry " not to paint her face " in the daytime, and I was young enough to enjoy revenging myself in rny own way. We used to play childish games at Charles Reade's house sometimes, and with " Follow my leader" came my opportunity. I asked for a basin of water and a towel and scrubbed my face with- a significant thoroughness. The rules of the game meant that every (Sne had to follow my example 1 When I had dried my face/1 powdered it, and then darkened my eyebrows. I wishgd to be quite frank about the harmless little bit of artific&^fiich Mrs. Seymour had exaggerated into a crime. She was now hoist with her own petard, for, being heavily made up, she could not and would not follow the leader. After this Charles Reade acquitted me of the use of " pigments red/' but he still

kept up a campaign against " Chalky," as he humorously christened my powder-puff. " Don't be pig-headed, love," he wrote to me once; "it is because Chalky does not improve you that I forbid it. Trust unprejudiced and friendly eyes and drop it altogether."